

## Hunted

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## Hunted

by [Wolfleap](#)

### Summary

George and Sapnap are best friends who live in a village. However, they like each other more than just friends.

Dream is an assassin, tasked to kill George.

One day when George and Sapnap goes hunting in a forest, George disappears.

### Notes

#### WARNING:

There is MATURE themes including rape(!).

Swearing also included.

Do not read if you're not comfortable.

# Hunted

## Chapter Summary

If you haven't already read the tags, there will be RAPE in this story.

If this is a trigger or it is something wish to not read about, please click off.

George lived in a village with his silver tabby cat, Raine. He was one of the village's hunters. It was his duty to go out and hunt to feed his people.

Of course, there were dangers to his job. Mobs come out at night and slaughtering animals isn't for the faint hearted. But George takes pride in his job. After all, the most important thing to him was that his family — his village — gets fed.

Why don't the village raise their own livestock? Well, his village was on top of a mountain. There is not enough space for a livestock house or a barn. Living on a mountain proved to be effective for keeping out the mobs and easier to guard.

George strokes Raine one more time before standing up and heads towards the wooden door. Raine meows, sounding sad and pitiful as he presses himself against his leg.

George crouches down and smiles slightly. "Okay I'll give you a few more strokes," he pets his soft head and Raine purrs in response. "But I have to go now, the village needs food!"

The young man leaves his house after gathering his supplies. Torches so he can see if it turns late at night, a sword for obvious reasons, a bow and arrows and some bread.

He heads out to the exit of the village. The villagers he passes by all wish him good hunting. George nods at an iron golem guard patrolling as he passes it. The guards were amazing at defending the village from any mobs and he was grateful for them.

Just as he was about to leave through the village gate, he hears someone calling out his name.

"GEORGE!" A man yells. George can hear his frantic footsteps. "Wait for me!"

George turns around in confusion and sees his best friend, Sapnap, running towards him.

Sapnap was a Hunter as well. They had trained together and the two men ended up becoming best friends. Though, if George was honest, he wished they were a little more than just best friends.

*You're so silly, George. He thought to himself.*

"Are you going to hunt as well?" Sapnap asks as he finally catches up with him.

"Yup," George replies. "Wanna hunt together? We can carry back more food that way."

Sapnap grins. "Of course! Let's go before it gets dark! I didn't bring any mob slaying supplies with me." The raven-haired man leaves the safety of the village and George follows him, treading carefully down the mountain.

“What do you think?” Sapnap asks. “Maybe we can hunt some cows in the plains. Or perhaps you want to try to get some of those mountain sheep?”

“Hmm,” George ponders. “What about the nearby forest? There’s bound to be herds of game there.”

“You’re so smart, George!” Sapnap exclaims. “We’re more easily hidden there as well.”

George blushes. “Thanks, Sapnap.”

Once they entered the forest, the two young men started tracking any animals.

“Hey look,” George calls Sapnap over. “There’s tons of hoof prints here; they look like they’re from pigs.”

Sapnap nods. “Definitely pigs. I’m sure the village children will enjoy some bacon.”

“Let’s go then!”

They sneakily enter deeper into the forest, following the prints. Then they finally found them. The herd of pigs, about 15 of them, were all huddled in a small clearing. They chewed and feasted in berries and wild herbs.

“Ok, how about you go to the left near that oak tree and I’ll flank from the right. We can set a trap for them here and we’re bound to get at least 4 of them.” George suggests.

“Good idea,” agrees his best friend.

George starts digging through his backpack and suddenly curses. He forgot his trap supplies.

“I forgot my trap supplies,” George whispers. He hears one of the boars making a sound. “Did you bring any?”

Sapnap shakes his head, much to George’s disappointment.

“Oh well, we could just shoot at them and hope we make a kill.” Sapnap takes out his bow and an arrow.

George takes out his own bow and aims it at one of the larger pigs. “Ready when you are.”

Sapnap also takes aim and gives him a look. A second later, two arrows fizzed through the air, synchronized. Both arrows hit their respective targets and the herd of pigs scatters and runs deeper into the forest.

The pig Sapnap shot was smaller but the well aimed shot to its neck had killed it instantly.

Meanwhile, George’s larger boar had taken off, arrow embedded into its shoulder. He makes a run for it, throwing his bow back onto his back and unsheathes his sword.

The large boar he shot had lagged behind his herd tremendously. It’s injured shoulder preventing it from running as fast as it could have.

Once he had caught up with it, he sliced its neck with his sword, killing it instantly. It plops you the ground, dead, and George removes his arrow carefully from its shoulder, proud of himself for the kill.

He lays his sword down onto the grass and starts cleaning the arrowhead of blood. He'd have to drag the boar back to where Sapnap was. He wonders if his best friend was able to get another one.

Then George hears rustling. He turns around quickly but sees nothing. Confused, he places the arrow back into his quiver and picks up his bloody sword. He'd definitely heard something. Then he looks up and through the trees, he sees the sky darkening.

Perhaps the mobs are starting to come out. He'd better drag the pig back and find Sapnap.

Then another rustle. George snaps his head around to the noise.

"Sapnap?" George calls out softly and cautiously.

Suddenly, he feels a sharp pain on his head and his vision blurs before blacking out.

George groans as he blinks away his sleepiness. He felt a sharp pain in his head and places a hand on it. There was a bandage and he felt the blood that had seeped onto it.

He jumps in realization and looks around. A cave?

His heart races as fear engulfs him. It was definitely night time and the mobs must be out. What if there were mobs in the cave?

Surprisingly, the cave was well lit and there was even a fire cooking the pig he had killed.

*Where is Sapnap? Had he gone home?*

Then he hears the clicking of neat walking and he snaps his head towards the sound.

A lean, but muscular figure started towards him. Dirty blonde hair falls gently in front of the white mask that covers the figure's face. If George wasn't scared shitless right now, he'd laugh at how ridiculous the smiley face on the mask looked.

Instinctively, George reaches for his sword only to find that his sword wasn't where it usually is – in its sheath on his right hip — and realizes that he was stripped of his gear.

"W-who are you?" George asks as the man stands still, head tilted as if he was *amused at George*.

"I'm an assassin," the man replies. "I got paid to kill you."

"Me?" George eyes him skeptically. "Who wants me dead?"

The man shrugs. "Can't tell ya, it's part of the contract."

Then the man took off his mask and George couldn't help it as his breath hitches.

Under the mask was the face of a handsome young man. He looked too innocent to be an assassin.

The man grins. "Shouldn't you be asking something like 'if you got paid to kill me, why am I still alive?' or 'why am I here'?"

George says nothing but glares at the man, unamused by his joking. Seriously, what is wrong with him? He's unarmed, sitting in a cave with an assassin standing in front of him. Did he seriously expect him to laugh?

“Oh come on – don’t look at me like that,” he steps closer to George. George backs up against the cave wall, eyes wide with fear. “Don’t worry, I won’t kill you; at least not yet.” The man looks thoughtful for a second. “You can call me Dream.”

“Why am I here?” George asks, voice shaking.

“Finally! The question I have been waiting for!” Dream’s hazel eyes shone. “I thought it would be a waste for me to just *kill you...*”

Dream walks closer to where George sat and kneels in front of him with one knee, one hand grabbing his chin, jerking his head towards him.

George then sees that the softness in his eyes were gone, replaced by something much more menacing.

“I wanted to have some fun first.”

George forcefully pushes him away and stands up, huffing. Dream stumbles until he falls on his ass. The assassin pushes himself up and tilts his head.

“Do you really want to escape?” Dream asks. “It’s prime time for mobs right now, you want to die from a zombie? A skeleton? Or maybe a creeper?”

“Better I try to escape than to die by your hands!” George responds angrily.

Then Dream narrows his eyes and as quick as a flash of lightning, George is pinned to the cave wall with his hands grasped tightly by Dream behind his back.

“Well,” Dream chuckles. “Like I said, you can die after I have my fun with you.” Dream licks his neck. “Did anyone ever tell you that you’re extremely cute?”

George realizes with a pang of panic what Dream meant by “having his fun with him”. He struggles frantically and he moans in pain as he hits his shoulder during the struggle. But Dream had already tied his hands together with rope.

Dream pushes George down and he lets out a small “oof”. He felt humiliated as he felt hands on his ass.

Dream whistles. “Nice ass.”

“Fuck you,” George growls.

“Nah,” Dream pulls down George’s pants, exposing him. “I’m going to fuck *you*.”

Dream’s hand then trails down towards his cock and George hitches his breath as the assassin starts to touch and stroke him.

“Please, stop...” George begs feebly. He feels himself getting hard at Dream’s touch and feels ashamed of himself.

It’s not my fault. Any man would get hard if someone touches there. It’s not my fault.

Then fingers were at George’s mouth and he closes his lips and mouth tightly.

“Don’t bite,” Dream warns. “Lick.” Dream forces his fingers into his mouth and George almost gags.

Of course he isn't going to lick his dirty fingers. George bites down as hard as he could and immediately, Dream pulls out his fingers. George felt a hint of satisfaction when he felt the other man flinch in pain.

"You bitch," Dream says in an angry tone. "I was doing it for your own good, but I guess if you want it dry, that's fine too."

George screams when Dream forcefully pushes his fingers into George. The assassin thrusts in and out. It hurts.

"Stop!" George yells.

Surprisingly, Dream does stop and takes out his fingers. "Does it hurt that much, Georgie?" Dream calls out mockingly. "It was only 2, I wonder how you're going to sound with my dick inside you."

George hears a belt buckling and he dares to turn his head back. Dream starts to stroke his half-hard dick and his hazel eyes stare into George's brown ones.

George has to admit, the assassin did have a nice body- soft dirty blonde hair, lean, hard abs. His breath hitches as he sees the size of his dick. There is no way that is fitting inside him.

"Like what you see?" Dream teases. He stops stroking himself when he gets fully hard. Dream tosses a blanket at him. "I don't want the stone to ruin your pretty face so you can lay your head there."

George rolls his eyes. *Wow, very considerate.... But he does as he's told. The cave floor really was starting to hurt his face.*

"Prop yourself up on your knees and spread your legs."

George grits his teeth. "And why should I?"

"Suit yourself, I'm not the one who's going to be hurting." Dream lifts his ass up and George feels his dick probing at his entrance.

"Wait- stop," George says as he panics. He can't believe this was actually happening.

But Dream didn't stop.

George moans with pain as Dream's dick pushed slowly into him.

"If-," Dream gasps. "If you spread your legs, it'll be easier for you."

The pain was too much for George and he does what he's told and spreads his legs. The pain didn't feel like it would ever ease up. Wet liquid starts trickling down his thighs and his stomach lurches as he realizes he was bleeding.

"Mmm," Dream hums. "It's all the way in, George."

Thankfully, Dream kneeled behind him unmoving, letting him get used to his size.

"Please take it out," George whispers. "It hurts."

But Dream ignores him, he slowly starts to move, thrusting in and out by small increments. George feels the burn as his body continues to adjust to Dream's thickness.

“Ah!” George gasps. No matter how much he groans and moans in pain, Dream did not stop. In fact, it felt like the assassin was starting to speed up. He could only close his eyes tightly as tears flowed down his cheeks.

One particularly hard thrust made him moan in pleasure.

*What the fuck?*

He continues to feel pleasure as Dream starts hitting a particular spot. George couldn't help but moan.

“Found it,” Dream remarks. Although George couldn't see his face, he could hear his smirk.

Unwillingly, the pain starts to form pleasure and he feels his dick harden. Tears start to flow at a more constant rate. Not because of any pain but because he was ashamed of himself. How could he enjoy this? He was being raped.

*Sapnap, forgive me...*

Dream pulls out almost completely, which had George feeling surprised for a second, but he rams his dick back in and George lets out another moan. Dream starts to thrust with a fast rhythm, occasionally hitting his prostate.

“Moan for me,” Dream whispers into his ears. “Don’t silence yourself.”

George tries his best not to make out any sound but fails.

“Ah!” George moans wantonly. “Augh, Sa- Sapnap!” He calls out. The only way to make this more bearable was to imagine the one person he loved doing this to him.

Then Dream freezes. “Sapnap? Who’s that?”

“Please take it out...”

“Really? Even when your dick is hard as rock?” Dream snorts. “Please, even you yourself want this. Your body doesn’t lie.”

“No, please, I can’t.”

Dream starts to move again, at an even faster and more viciously.

“Ah! Ahh! Agh-“

“The only name you should be calling out is mine’s,” Dream says in between breaths. “I want you to scream my name.”

A particularly hard thrust has George screaming. Dream rolls his hips and immense pleasure fills his abdomen.

“Ah- D-dream!”

“That’s right, baby,” Dream grunts. “Scream my name.”

The assassin continues to thrust roughly and George could only moan and writhe in pleasure. His own dick starts to leak precum and the pain he felt before is gone.

At one more hard thrust to George's prostate, he came with a cry, staining his shirt, belly, and the cave floor below.

Dream's thrusting stopped as both men pants to try to catch their breaths.

"T-take it out..." George whimpers.

The other man chuckles. "Oh George," Dream grins as he unties the ropes on George's wrists. His wrists were an angry red, slightly swollen from the rubbing. Immediately, George tries to push himself up, only to be pushed down by Dream.

"I'm far from finish," Dream starts thrusting again, slowly increasing speed.

George could only scream in pleasure and pain from the oversensitivity. Tears start to flow aggressively down his face again and the echos in the cave only makes things worse.

Sapnap returned to the village with one pig that night. George has disappeared and he searched all evening in the forest for him.

There wasn't any sign of him.

It was as if he just disappeared into thin air. All he saw was the blood stained grass where he had made his kill. But even his kill wasn't there.

Without any gear, Sapnap was forced to return to the village. If he stayed, he would've been killed by the mobs.

Sapnap stares out his window, stroking a cat in his lap. All he hopes for is that George is safe, wherever he is.

The cat meows and Sapnap looks down at George's silver tabby cat. The first thing Sapnap did after returning was taking Raine back to his own house so he could care for him in George's absence.

The cat looks at Sapnap with sad looking eyes. Even his cat knew that something must've happened to his owner.

As the moon shone brightly in the night sky, Sapnap felt regret. He wished he had confessed to George earlier. He loved him. Now, George will never know. Sapnap's heart breaks just thinking about it.

Despite the peaceful night, Sapnap didn't sleep, he couldn't.

No, he *will* find George. His search will begin tomorrow, before any clues in the forest disappear. Sapnap will bring him back. They will live a happy life together.

They *must*.



# Sapnap Good Ending

## Chapter Summary

One of three endings.

End game Sapnap/George with slight Dream/George

## Chapter Notes

Warnings (& sorta spoiler):

- Character Death
- Light blood/gore scent (it's really not that bad)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George moans as he rides on Dream's dick. As he presses down, Dream thrusts up and George throws his head back with immense pleasure.

"Ah! Dream!"

"There you go, baby, that's it," Dream coos as George lifts his hips up and down.

Dream reaches for George's dick and strokes it. George's movement falters with each stroke.

"George," Dream stops stroking. George whines with loss. "I didn't tell you to stop, did I?"

"N-no," George gasps out as he starts to move again. "P-please... I-I need to cum..."

Dream only smirks and he pushes George onto his back. The change in position made it easier for Dream to fuck George.

"A-Ah!"

Dream pins George's wrists above his head, thrusting frantically, seeking for release.

He was *so close... just a little more...*

Then Dream stops and George lets out a pitiful whine.

"Beg for it, George," demands Dream.

George wished he could wipe the grin off of Dream's face.

*I only have to deal with this for one more day. George thinks.*

"Dream, please," George tries to sound as desperate as possible. "I-I need to cum! Please!"

"What do you want me to do? Hmm?" Dream continues to tease him.

“Fuck me, please fuck me,” George breathes out quietly.

With powerful thrusts, George screams as his release feels closer than ever. And then he came, painting over his abdomen and chest.

After a few more thrusts, Dream cums inside of him with a satisfied groan.

They lay next to each other, panting. He felt Dream’s dick softening inside of him and after a few moments, the other man pulls out.

George winces as cum leaks out of his used hole.

“Do you want to shower first?” Dream asks, stroking George’s hair lovingly.

“No, you can go first,” George replies

“You sure?” Dream tilts his head.

“I’m sure,” George says firmly.

The assassin shrugs. “Suit yourself.” He gets off the king sized bed, naked, and walks to the bathroom. As soon as George hears the shower on, he lets out a sigh.

It has been three months since Dream had taken him from his village. Dream decided instead of killing him, he would keep him as his toy.

He lived in the middle of a faraway forest. His house was pretty large. The house was neat and clean when he first arrived. Though ever since George arrived, it was his duty to clean the house.

George noticed that Dream was often gone for a few days — probably off murdering someone — and then he reappears snoring beside him on his bed.

Then in the morning, they’ll fuck. Dream would fuck George whenever he wasn’t busy off signing contracts or assassinating someone.

Dream only had one horse, a beautiful black mare with a white blaze. It was a pity that she was so well trained by Dream. If she wasn’t, George would’ve taken her.

Not that George hasn’t tried.

The first time he had tried escaping, he had mounted his horse. The mare refused to move without Dream and with the huge ruckus she made, Dream immediately got out of the shower and pulled him off, threw him onto the bed and fucked him mercilessly. He couldn’t walk for days.

The second time he tried escaping, he left the house when Dream went to complete a contract. Though he had found George wandering around lost in the woods, almost half starved the next day.

Dream was kind to him, nursing him back to health. But once he was back to full health, George was fucked harshly again, learning a lesson once again on not to escape.

He learned that it was better to just take it rather than to fight it.

George sighs bitterly. Stuck in this stupid house with his rapist.

But not for long.

Only yesterday, he heard the clip clopping of a horse outside. George peered out the window and to his surprise and joy, it was Sapnap with his white stallion.

There has never been a day where George did not think of Sapnap.

Thankfully, that day he arrived, Dream has gone out for who knows what.

George exited the house as Sapnap dismounted. They gave each other a long hug.

“George... you’re alive,” Sapnap breathes out. “I spent so long searching for you.”

“I know,” George looks back at the house anxiously. “He’s going to be back soon, I think. It’s not safe for you to stay.”

“It’s not safe for you to stay too!” Sapnap angrily replies. “Come with me, we can go home together.”

“I-I can’t, not yet at least,” George looks down on the ground.

“You love him?”

George snaps his head up and glares at Sapnap. “No! Never! I could never love that bastard.”

George takes a breath. “I need to kill him. He’s going to find me again. I know he will. He already knows where our village is. If I don’t kill him, what if he kills you?” George looks up at Sapnap with soft brown eyes. “I can’t let him kill you.”

Sapnap’s eyes fill with emotion. “What can I do?”

“Meet me here tomorrow night, at moon high,” George says hastily, his eyes darting back to the house again. “I’ll kill him tomorrow night.”

“You’re really going to do it?”

George nods. “Yes, I have to come home with you.” He stares up at Sapnap. “I love you.”

They stare into each other’s eyes for a moment. Sapnap breaks it and pulls out a dagger.

“This is a family heirloom. It’s made out of dragon scale,” Sapnap eyes George. “You can use it to kill him.”

George takes it from him. “Thank you,” he looks back at the house once more. “You’ll be here tomorrow?”

“Of course.”

George sighs shakily. “I have to go now.” He quickly leaves, back towards the house and he doesn’t look back.

Sapnap mounts his horse once more — his horse shakes his head. “Goodbye, George,” he whispers. “I’ll be waiting.”

George sits up, wincing once more as Dream’s cum leaks onto the bed sheets. He grabbed the blanket and used it to wipe off the drying cum on his chest and stomach.

George looks at the bathroom door. The water was still running strongly. He reaches below the bed frame. Sapnap’s dagger was still there.

All George needs to do is wait until Dream sleeps.

The water suddenly stops and George quickly retracts his hand from underneath the bed. Dream exits the bathroom, a towel tied around his waist and hair messy and wet.

“Your turn,” Dream shrugs towards the bathroom.

George stands up and limps to the bathroom. As used to as he is from being fucked, he still felt sore afterward.

He took a cold shower this time. George felt anxious. What if he fails? Dream would probably kill him. And Sapnap would be outside. Dream would kill him too.

He mustn't fail though.

He has to go back, he has to be with Sapnap again.

The sun fell as the moon rose. George laid on the bed, freshly made with new bedding thanks to yours truly. He was reading a book from Dream's library. He has to say that he had a terrible taste in books.

George rolls his eyes. *Torture methods in Medieval Times. So much fun to read.*

“That one's one of my favorites,” Dream points out as he slid into the bed with him.

“Really,” George replies, unconcerned.

“Mmm,” Dream hums. “It's late, go to sleep. I have a contract to fulfill tomorrow evening, but I want to have some fun tomorrow first,” Dream glances seductively at George.

George says nothing as he continues to flip through the book bored.

Dream sighs. “Put the book away. I'm sleeping.” Dream rolls over to turn off the lamp and the room goes dark.

George closes the book and walk quietly to the bookshelf, placing the book back into the empty space it left.

He entered the bed once more and laid there until he could hear Dream's gentle snores. Reaching out with one hand, he silently pulls out the dragon scale dagger.

His heart beats rapidly as adrenaline courses through his body. He sits up and looks at Dream.

The assassin looked so peaceful and innocent. Dirty blonde hair flowed gently over his closed eyes. His heart breaks slightly for him.

He would have grown into a fine man. George has seen how kind he could be. Why did he have to resort to assassination?

Letting out a deep breath, he raises the dagger above Dream's neck.

But George hesitates.

He can't do this, can he?

He lowers the dagger as he looks outside the window. It was moon high soon. Sapnap would be waiting for him outside.

As quick as a flash of lightning, a hand grabs his wrist roughly and George yelps with surprise. Both his wrists were pinned to the bed and he dropped the dagger. The dagger drops softly onto the bed.

He stares up at Dream's angry hazel eyes.

"What are you doing with that dagger?" He growls.

"I—" George's voice shakes. "I- I don't know..."

"You were going to kill me."

George looks away. "I was." Tears pricked at his eyes. He's going to die and he'll never see Sapnap again.

But Dream's grip loosens and the assassin sighs, sitting up on the bed.

George immediately gets up, points the dagger at Dream, who sat in front of him.

"I shouldn't have kept you for so long."

"What?" George asked, confused.

Dream looks at him with soft hazel eyes. "We could've loved each other. I love you."

George scoffs angrily. "Is raping me your definition of 'loving me'?" His grip tightens on the handle of the dagger. "I could never love you after what you have done to me."

"I know," Dream looks at the window, the moon shone brightly, up high in the sky. "That's why I'm letting you go. He's waiting for you outside, isn't he?"

"H-how do you—"

"I saw you. I figured it was time."

"You should've let me go sooner!"

Dream whips his head towards him. "How could I let someone I love go so easily?"

"Rape is not love!" George snaps.

Dream's eyes soften. "I know," he whispers. "Kill me, George. I have nothing to live for once you leave."

George shakes. "How can you say that?"

Dream laughs. "Kill me, it's for the better good." His eyes narrow at the dagger. "I kill people for a living you know? And I've raped you countless times."

"I-I can't..." George admits.

Suddenly, Dream pulls George closer to him and a hand grabs his hand that was holding the dagger.

Dream coughs and George looks at him, eyes wide with horror, as he pulls away.

Dream's eyes were cloudy as he fell onto the clean bed sheet. His hand at the left side of his chest.

"Why?" George could only whisper.

The assassin smiles once more before laying completely still, hazel eyes now dull.

George shakily walks to the door, dagger dripping blood all over the wooden floor he used to clean everyday.

Outside, he could see Sapnap's white horse trotting towards him. His rider looked worried.

"Are you okay?" Sapnap asks as he dismounts his horse. "Did he hurt you? I'm sorry I'm late."

"He's dead."

Sapnap grins. "We can go home!"

George says nothing and Sapnap's smile falters. "What's wrong, George?"

"He killed himself, with your dagger. I- I was holding the knife and he just--"

Sapnap pulls him to a tight hug. "You don't have to say anything if you don't want to."

Only then did George shed a tear, crying into his best friend's shoulder. He was finally free.

"Come on," Sapnap pulls away. "Get on Diamond. You can sleep while we ride."

"But Dream's horse..." George looks over to the small stable where the assassin's beautiful mare was. "We can't leave her here."

"We can take her," Sapnap reassures him as he walks to the stable.

Minutes later he reappears with the mare who snorts angrily at Sapnap.

"C'mon, girl," Sapnap pulls at the reins.

George walks up to her and strokes her neck. "He's dead, Midnight," he says softly. "If we leave you here, you'll die too."

As if the horse understood what he said, she calmed down and cooperated with them.

"I'll ride her and you can ride Diamond," George suggested with a yawn.

Sapnap shook his head. "No, you need rest. I'll just tie her reins to Diamond's."

Both men climbed onto the white stallion and together they left, heading back to their home.

"I love you."

Dream's soft hazel eyes looked into his own.

*George moans as Dream hits his prostate.*

*"We could've loved each other."*

*The assassin's voice was full of emotion.*

*Dream spoon feeds him mushroom soup as George sat weakly on the bed, half starved from trying to escape. He doesn't say anything as he tucks George in as the young man drifts to sleep.*

*"Kill me."*

*Dream's body fell to the bed, eyes glazed as he smiled for the last time.*

George wakes up suddenly with a shout. He sits up, panting and sweating.

"George? Are you okay?" Sapnap's face was full of concern.

It has been a couple of months since they arrived back at the village. Sapnap and George moved in together as George couldn't bear to live alone, haunted by nightmares and his trauma.

"Is it the same one?" Sapnap's voice softens.

George nods. "I don't think I can get it out of my head, ever."

Raine meows and he hops onto Sapnap and George's shared bed. George reaches out to pet him as the silver tabby purrs. After a few strokes, the silver cat shakes out his fur and leaped away, probably to play with Sapnap's cats.

It was great to be back. Sapnap had even asked him to become his boyfriend which elated George. He was forever thankful to Sapnap. It was him who George stays alive for, who gives him a purpose in life, who helps him through his past.

"No matter what, I'll still love you," Sapnap stares lovingly at George.

"I love you too."

Sapnap grips George's chin between two fingers and turns his head gently towards him. Lips press on each other softly as Sapnap gently kisses him.

Sapnap pulls away. "Let's go feed the animals."

George stares at him, brown eyes flashed with something Sapnap couldn't figure out.

"What?" Sapnap cocks his head

"I want you," George whispers.

"I- what?" Sapnap sputters.

George takes off his shirt, revealing a soft but lean stomach. Sapnap's breath hitches. George's eyes look almost pleading.

"I want you to fuck me, Sapnap."

"B-but Dr-"

"No, don't say his name," George says quickly and looks down. "I- I need you to erase his memory for me... I need to replace his with yours, I need this, please, it'll help me."

Without any words, Sapnap presses his lips towards his, gentle as ever. Hands roam around

George's torso. George moans suddenly as a finger pinches his nipple.

The two only broke apart for Sarnap to strip and for George to take off his remaining clothes. George was glad to see that Sarnap was hard for him.

Sarnap pushes George onto his back and then he felt wet fingers pressed against his entrance. Sarnap runs his fingers over his hole but never enter and George moans with anticipation.

"Sarnap, hurry up!" He whines.

Sarnap only chuckles as he obliged. Two wasn't enough for George.

"Give me more," pants George.

"Jeez someone's desperate," Sarnap smirks. "I don't want to hurt you, but if you say so..."

Three? Maybe four fingers slip inside him. George can feel the burn of the stretch. After some time, it began to feel normal and it didn't hurt.

"Sarnap, just fuck me already."

"You're so impatient," grunts Sarnap.

George can feel the tip sliding in easily. After the head, he feels himself being stretched and it started to hurt again, but nothing he couldn't handle.

"You're so big!" He gasps.

Sarnap smirks before starting to move slowly. George moans as his boyfriend starts to increase the speed. He wraps his legs around Sarnap's hips so he could feel him press deeper into him.

"Ah Sarnap!"

"You're doing so good, George," Sarnap purrs.

"Augh.." George moans. "Ah!"

"So that's where it is..." Sarnap stops.

"W-what are you doing?"

Sarnap rolls his hips and grabs one of George's legs and hitches it onto his shoulder before thrusting again.

"Ah! Sh-shit, Sarnap!" George moans.

Every thrust hits his prostate. His dick starts to leak precum.

"I'm about to cum," George gasps.

"Me too," Sarnap grunts.

After a few more thrusts, they both cummed together. Sarnap pulls out and grabs a towel, wiping both George and himself off.

"Shower?" Sarnap prompts.



"I'm so tired," George whines.

"You're tired?" Sarnap huffs.

"Shut up, let me sleep."

"You promised we'll go feed the animals."

"You do it," George mumbles as he turns around.

Sarnap rolls his eyes. "You're gross. I'm taking a shower, you better take one later."

After a few minutes, Sarnap stumbles out the bathroom with wet black hair. He grabs the cat food and pours it into three bowls.

Raine hissed angrily as Sarnap refills their water dish.

"I'm sorry, I know you're hungry," Sarnap coos at the silver tabby. "It's your idiot of an owner who's too exhausted to feed you."

He places down the three food bowls and water bowls and Sarnap's cats purr as they eat.

"At least my cats are appreciative," he mumbles.

He heads out to the village stable and as soon as Diamond sees him, the stallion snorts angrily.

"Chill!" Sarnap shouts when Diamond shoves him hard with his snout. "Why's everyone so mad today," he grumbles.

He refills Diamond's food trough and the stupid horse didn't even show any thanks as he starts chewing on the hay mix.

Sarnap walks over to another stall to their newest edition.

Midnight stood waiting patiently and neighs a greeting. Sarnap strokes her head a few times before grabbing the hay mix and refilling her food trough.

It took a month for the black mare to be tamed. Sarnap was sure she missed Dream still. But she seemed to have grown on George and it was only George she allowed to ride her and occasionally Sarnap if it was a good day.

Arms wrapped around his torso from behind suddenly and he looks back to see George giving him a hug, head nuzzling his back.

"Did you shower?"

"Of course!" George pulls back. "I thought I'd help you feed them."

He rolls his eyes. "I already fed them."

"You didn't clean their water trough though," George points out.

"You can go do that."

"Let's do it together," George smirked.

"Fine..."

As Sapnap turns his back to grab the sponges, cold water hits his back and he helps with surprise.

“Gotcha,” George laughs as he turns down the hose.

“You idiot! I just showered!”

“Too bad!”

Sapnap heads towards him and George squeals as he runs to the back of the stable where he runs into a dead end.

Sapnap pins him to the wall and kisses him.

“I love you,” Sapnap whispers. “And I’ll love you forever.”

## Chapter End Notes

Okay... so there are some parts that are supposed to be in italics but even though I tried fixing it like 100 times, it's still not going in italics so I gave up.

Sorry if some parts you can't tell if its like a memory thing (aka the part before George wakes up where he's remember everything about Dream).

I'll try to do better next chapter.

# Sapnap Bad Ending

## Chapter Summary

Another ending... this time it is the Sapnap Bad Ending.  
Kind of spoiler from the title whoops.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George whines, hips thrusting weakly at the air, seeking for *any* sort of release.

He was tied, spread eagle, on his and Dream's shared bed with a vibrator vibrating in his ass. His dick was an angry red from being hard for so long and wet from the amount of precum he had released.

*Where is he? I need him!*

Dream had promised George that he'd come home in an hour, that he had to meet up with someone to sign a contract. He had tied him up and stuck a vibrator and left him.

He wanted to cum so bad.

George's vision blurs as he looks at the clock once more. It's been two hours! He needs Dream.

"Dream... please come home..." George moans.

The door clicks open and he feels elated.

"Have you been a good boy?" Dream walks to the bed, sits down and strokes his face.

"Y-yes!" He gasps. "I need you!"

The assassin chuckles. "I'm sorry I took so long. The contractor was being a bitch, I was so tempted to kill *him* instead."

"Please..." George begs.

Dream's hazel eyes flashes from amusement to lust. "Please what George?"

"Please fuck me!" George moans. "Fuck me, Dream! I need you in me!"

"In a moment," Dream licks his lips. "I don't like you being tied up like this."

The assassin starts untying the ropes, painstakingly slow. After all the ropes were untied, he pulls out the vibrator and George sighs with relief. But he still feels *empty* and he was still hard as a rock.

"Please, Dream," he whines.

George almost drools as Dream starts stripping. His shirt gets thrown somewhere in the room, exposing his sexy abs. Dream's pants were also gone, showing off his hard on.

George whimpers at the sight. He needs it.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Dream’s voice was low and demanding.

George does so, raising his ass in the air, head on his hands.

“Look at you,” Dream coos. “So desperate, I can see your hole fluttering.”

George feels hands on his hips and feels the head poking at his entrance. He pushes his ass back, trying to prompt Dream into fucking him.

“You’re like a bitch in heat,” Dream laughs mockingly.

“Fuck me, Dream,” George cries out. He was so hard and desperate, he almost tears up. “I want to cum.”

Thankfully, Dream stops his teasing and enters him roughly. George lets out a weak shout as he came.

“Coming just by being penetrated?” Dream chuckles. “You’re so naughty, George.”

The assassin fucks him roughly. The hands on his hips start to tighten their grip. There was no doubt that his hips will be bruised tomorrow.

“Ah! Dream-“ George gasps. “H-harder!”

Dream pounds into George with relentless rhythm. Dream groans as George tightened himself around his dick. He could feel his release approaching.

With a gasp, Dream cums inside George who also came a second time, moaning cutely.

“Let’s go take a shower, shall we?” Dream lifts George up who only blinks slowly at him. The assassin carries him to the shower and sets him down as he runs the water.

It has been three months since he took George home.

It had been easy to break him. Simple classical conditioning.

Now George was a cockslut, only satisfied when he’s filled with Dream’s dick. He hated it so much before, but now he craves it. He needed to be filled, everyday.

The potions he bought from a traveling witch definitely helped as well. It had made George so desperate for release that eventually he begged Dream to fuck him. And Dream couldn’t say no.

Dream kisses George softly. “You’re mine now.”

“Ah...” George shoves the dildo repeatedly into him. Just a simple, long phallus shaped toy, only as thick as two fingers. He’d be much satisfied with Dream’s dick. Much less artificial feeling as well.

When is he coming home? It’s been several days since Dream left to complete a contract. George has been keeping himself busy with his small collection of toys.

The young man looks out the window, the night had just begun. Perhaps he should explore the forest a bit. He hasn’t been out much recently, only to feed Dream’s horse, Midnight.

But Midnight has been taken by Dream, out somewhere as he hunted down his newest victim. It was just George alone and he felt so lonely.

In a simple black tee and grey joggers, he left the house.

He took a familiar path down the right of the house, opposite from the small stable where Midnight resides. He would walk this way whenever he was bored. A particular spot where a small empty clearing resides, the trees separate from each other and a patch of moonlight brightens the soft grass. The view was great for stargazing.

He and Dream fucked there once too. It was amazing, perhaps a bit romantic. Dream was so gentle with him that night. But if George was being honest, he loved it when he was fucked roughly. Those days where he seduced random men traveling through the forest. Dream gets jealous and “punished” him.

He blinked tiredly and was about to lay down to nap when he heard a horse’s gait not far from where he was.

Curious, he travelled towards the sound and saw a brilliant white stallion trotting through the forest. A man with a black coat and hood was riding it, a stark contrast.

But something felt familiar. It was as if George recognized those sharp, onyx eyes of the rider.

He stood still, trying to figure out why the man felt so familiar. One of those onyx eyes drifted it’s gaze towards him and it widened.

With a whine, the white stallion slowed to a stop and the rider immediately jumps off and runs towards George.

Startled, George tried backing up but was soon pulled into a hug by the strange, yet familiar, man.

“George!” The man squeezes him tighter. “You’re alive.”

“W-who are you?” George pushes him away, tilting his head, confused.

Immediately, the man’s shoulder sags. “You don’t remember me? It’s Sapnap.”

Sapnap? All he knew was Dream. And Dream was all he ever needed. Just thinking about the handsome assassin starts to arouse him.

“George...” Sapnap says sadly, after seeing George so confused. “I’ll bring you home, come on.”

“No,” George says as he walks towards Sapnap. He drops to his knees. “I want you, please let me suck you off.”

“W-what?” Sapnap blushes, startled by his behavior. “This- this isn’t like you, George.”

“Please? Just this once, Sapnap? I want you so bad.”

George unzips his pants with his teeth, hands pulling down his pants and boxers at the same time.

Sapnap was already half hard by George’s antics and he smirks. Sapnap didn’t even try to stop him. George gives an experimental lick and he feels the other flinch.

“I’ll make you feel good,” George vows.

He begins to lick and suck until Sapnap becomes fully erected. He pulled down his own pants and started to touch himself as well.

He slides the dick all the way into his mouth. Sapnap wasn't as big as Dream but the girth and length was there. Definitely better than the random men he hits up.

The tip hits the back of his throat and he gags a little but continues to bob his head, sucking at the same time.

"George," Sapnap moans. "Y-you're really good at this."

George smirks with the dick still in his mouth. Oh he has been practicing for sure.

George stops, licks his fingers and reaches behind himself. He starts to thrust in and out of his already used hole, moaning.

"Sapnap," George moans as he desperately fingers himself. "Fuck me."

With a growl, Sapnap pushes George onto his back, takes his pants off the rest of the way and lines up.

Yes, this is exactly what he wants.

Then Sapnap hesitates. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes, please I need you," George whispers.

Then Sapnap enters and George moans loudly. If someone was nearby in the forest, he would've heard him.

"You feel so good," Sapnap moans.

George tightens himself around Sapnap as he thrusts in and out. Sapnap groans at the new found pressure on his dick, but it felt good, so tight.

"G-George," Sapnap groans. "I'm about to come."

"Come inside me," George gasps, feeling close to his own release.

Sapnap felt so aroused from hearing that from George's mouth that he came instantly inside George, who also came, ruining the black tee he was wearing.

He pulls out afterwards, panting. He pulls out a random cloth to wipe himself and George off.

George pulls him close. "I want to sleep, I'm tired."

"Out here? It's going to get cold..." Sapnap mutters sleepily. "I can make a fire."

"No," George mumbles. "We have each other to keep warm."

Sapnap's heart fluttered. He still loved George, even after months of searching for him. "Okay, we'll sleep here."

As soon as the young man was fast asleep, a tall figure revealed himself from behind a tree. George looks at him innocently while he carefully removes himself from Sapnap's sleeping hold.

“You moaned nicely for him, George.”

He smirks at the hard voice which held a slight tone of jealousy.

“I’ll moan nicely for you too, Dream,” he says back slyly.

Dream sighs. “Stop doing this.”

“Stop what?” George fakes innocence.

“Your seducing random men shit,” Dream takes out his sword. “Go back into the house, you know what to do.”

George grins happily and leaves the scene. He could feel that Dream was secretly fuming inside.

When he returns, he strips his dirty clothes off, stained with dirt and his cum, and throws it into the laundry basket.

A bit of Sappnap’s cum leaked out as he sat on the bed. Usually he’d wash himself but he wants to see how Dream would react.

The door opens loudly and George was surprised to see that Dream had already cleaned his sword.

“What’d you do with his horse?”

“I brought him back, we had an extra stable stall anyway.” Dream starts to put away all his gear.

“And him?”

“Gone.” Dream takes off his shirt.

George watches the assassin strip hungrily. “How did your contract go?”

“Successful, easy target.”

“Of course, you’re the best after all,” George says silkily.

“Enough talking, you need to be punished,” Dream pins him onto the bed.

“Please do so,” George moans, honey brown eyes looking into hazel ones seductively and half lidded.

Dream smirks. “Gladly.”

## Chapter End Notes

Hi, hope you enjoyed that ending.

Since it may have been confusing on what happened...

Essentially George became addicted to Dream’s dick and has become a willing sex slave/toy.

One more ending left, hope you look forward to it.

Also I kind of want to post art... however it's basically me tracing and readjusting some lines and the colors to make it look like Dream/George/Sapnap and idk if that's illegal... but I'm not claiming that I drew it, I just colored and essentially traced it. Someone let me know in the comments if I'm allowed to do that. If it's allowed, I'll figure out a way to post those images.



# Dream Good Ending

## Chapter Notes

Here is the final ending planned- Dream's Good Ending

My longest chapter in the book (so far).

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It has been several months since George's disappearance.

George sits up in the bed, staring lazily at the window where the morning sun shone through. He can see dust particles drifting throughout.

*Guess it's time to clean the house again,* George thought.

He lays back down and rolls over to the other side of the bed. It was empty. All the warmth that was there was gone.

His capturer, Dream, has been gone for several days now trying to complete yet another contract, hunting down his newest victim. He has to admit, Dream does make quite the living out of it, and he was excellent at it.

It took about a month for George to become, for lack of a better term, obedient.

In the beginning, George fought every single day for freedom and Dream would punish him every single day for his efforts.

George winces at the thought of being fucked roughly pretty much everyday, to the point where he could barely walk.

Now, he sort of just accepts it.

It wasn't necessarily a bad thing. Dream can be nice and caring. He feeds him, gives him whatever he wants, and overall treats him nicely other than the times he has been raped.

*"I'm going out to the market," Dream says one day causing George to look up from his book in surprise. "Do you want anything?"*

*George ponders. Dream waits patiently for his answer.*

*"I- I'd like, I'd you don't mind, if you get some mutton so I could cook some for dinner," George replies. "I know it's a bit expensi-"*

*"Don't worry about it," Dream says quickly. "Anything else?"*

*George only blinks. "No, nothing more, Dream."*

*Dream left the house with a very confused George. He had never asked him what he wanted before.*

*This was the first to many acts of kindness.*

All George ever does is clean the house, take care of Dream's horse, Midnight, tends to the garden George had convinced Dream to create, and cook for him and Dream.

But for the past several days, he didn't need to take care of Midnight, since Dream always takes her to complete his contracts. And he only had to cook for himself, which meant he could be lazy and eat whatever.

George does like tending to the garden. The flowers were beautiful and rose bushes tend to require much of his attention. Besides, it gives him a reason to be outside since Dream doesn't let him out unless he's doing work.

Then again, Dream has been quite lenient on him going out of the house.

*"You... want a garden?" Dream looks at George skeptically.*

*He only nods shyly. "I- I get kind of... bored in the house all day," George quickly adds on. "I just think that tending to a garden would help me feel less bored; plus your house would look nicer."*

*Dream stares at George and he suddenly felt small. Perhaps it was dumb to suggest such a thing.*

*But Dream only nodded. "That makes sense. I'll buy some plants from the market tomorrow. Anything in particular?"*

*"Uh," George was a bit in shock. "Maybe cornflowers? Roses for sure..."*

*"Sure," Dream looks thoughtful. "I'll just pick some random ones that I think look nice as well."*

George finally gets up from the bed and heads to the bathroom to wash up. Afterwards, he plucked a single apple from the fruit bowl for a simple breakfast before getting ready to clean the house.

Thankfully the house was only one story and there wasn't much stuff in it. There was the kitchen area with a decently sized glass kitchen table, the bathroom, and the living room which they sort of just sleep in.

He noticed that after finishing cleaning the house, it was nearly sundown. George had skipped lunch unknowingly and headed straight to his small garden.

George hears a familiar trotting of a horse as he waters his plants. Turning behind him, he sees Dream riding on Midnight as they slowed to walk as they neared the small stable.

"Welcome home, Dream," George greets as the assassin dismounts and leads Midnight back to the stable.

Then George panics.

He was going to just make a simple mushroom stew for himself as dinner but he realizes that Dream probably won't like it.

He jumps a bit when arms tug him closer to a body from behind. George blushes slightly from the hug, his back against Dream's muscular front side. His heart races slightly.

“Hi,” Dream greets back.

“You scared me!” George scolds. “Don’t ever do that again.”

Dream chuckles softly. “Sorry, habit.”

Of course, what else would he expect from an assassin?

George rolls his eyes.

“What are we having for dinner tonight?” Dream’s hands starts roaming George’s front side from *under* his shirt.

Blushing, George replies. “I-I didn’t expect you to be back so early so-“ George bites back a moan when Dream teases his nipples, rubbing and pinching gently. “- I was just going to make mushroom stew for myself. I don’t k-know if you’ll like that though.” George pushes Dream’s naughty hands off of him and turns around to glare at him with a red face.

“Sounds good, lets head back inside.”

George, unwilling, was slightly hard from the interaction, but he was surprised that Dream didn’t mind the simple dinner. Usually George would make something more fancy to please the assassin.

He doesn’t even know why he goes out of his way to do so.

George prepares and cooks the stew while Dream showers. George stirred the stew distractedly, daydreaming. Dream really do look good. Messy dirty blonde hair, lazy grin, sharp hazel eyes, and of course his lean muscular torso and abs.

He jumps when he feels hands on his hips and a mouth giving a light kiss on his neck.

“Dream what are you-“ George tries to push those hands away but they stayed where they were.

“I missed you.”

George’s heart flutters again.

A hand trailed to his front side, grabbing his slowly growing erection. He could feel Dream’s own hardness pressing up against his ass.

“Stop, I need to cook this-“ George gasps when Dream starts to grind against him. “I-it’s almost done, please Dream.”

“Dinner can wait,” Dream bites the top of his ear gently, George moans softly. “I’d rather have a snack first.”

Reaching over, Dream turns off the stove and guides George to their bed.

When they *finally* got there, Dream pushed George back against the bed and planted his lips onto George’s.

“Mmh-“

They kiss sloppily for a few moments before breaking apart, a string of saliva connecting them.

George was heavy lidded now, cheeks red from blushing.

"I missed you too, Dream," he breathes out.

Dream pulls off his shirt before helping George tug his off. They kiss again and Dream starts pulling down George's sweatpants and boxers.

In the middle of the bed, George lays there, naked, a beautifully flushed mess. The early moonlight shines onto the bed and on him, making him look like a heavenly creature.

"You're so pretty," Dream murmurs.

George blushes even more and looks to the side. "Shut up."

He feels fingers at his entrance, already slicked with lube. George lifts his leg so that his knee angled upwards and spreads them.

Two fingers enter and George moans as Dream scissors and thrusts in and out slowly in a rhythm.

It has been a while since they had sex. And lately Dream has been much more gentle with him and actually taking the time to prep him rather than forcing his way in.

His heart beats just a little bit faster.

George feels elated that Dream cared about him. Just these small acts makes him feel so good.

Does *he* love him?

He didn't notice that Dream had entered four fingers already and George pushes Dream's hand away. The assassin looked confused for a moment.

"Im- I'm prepared," George bites out. "Please Dream, please enter me."

Dream happily obliged.

Even with the preparation, George still feels the pain from the stretch of Dream's girth. But he likes a little pain.

They both moaned in pleasure when Dream was fully sheathed in him. George tightens on the dick and Dream gasps with surprise and pleasure.

George pulls Dream down to kiss him and wraps his legs around his waist.

Maybe he did love him.

"I'm going to move now," Dream pants out as they break apart from their kiss.

George only nods before letting out streams of lewd sounds.

Dream fucked him in a slow rhythm but he pulled out almost to the tip before slamming right back into him. George loved the feeling and starts to become undone underneath the assassin.

"Uhg, Dream, mmh-"

Dream grunts as he begins to move faster. The grip on his hips becomes tighter and George lets out a high pitched, sluttish moan.

"Ah~ Dream!"

The assassin suddenly stops and pulls George up as he lays on his back.

“Dream!” George whines. “I-I’m so close...”

“You gotta work for it, baby,” Dream smirks. “I’ll help you out a little.”

Did he love him though?

Dream suddenly thrusts upwards. With the new position, Dream is able to thrust deeper into him and put more pressure onto his prostate.

“H-ah!” George throws his head back from the pleasure, spurting out a few drops of precum.

“Cmon, baby, you got this,” Dream encourages.

George bites his lips. He sits up and puts his knee onto the bed on each side of Dream. George lowers himself downwards slowly, feeling every inch of Dream’s dick.

He moans wantonly and begins to ride Dream, hands pressing against hard abs.

After some moments, Dream starts to thrust upwards as George rides down and he throws his head back in pleasure.

“Uhh-“ George drools slightly from the haze of pleasure.

Dream pushes George back onto his back once more back to their original position.

“Dream..?” George looks at him with half lidded eyes.

Dream’s eyes glints with want and something else.

Without warning, Dream thrusts back into him and quickly increases the speed.

George widens his eyes suddenly, surprise from the sudden fast pace.

“Ah! Dream!”

Not long after, George cums, letting out thick strings of cum onto his own belly.

Dream continues to fuck him, making George moan uncontrollably after his oversensitivity from just orgasming.

“D-Dream! Haah~ Ugh-“

Dream buries deep into George before cumming with a short, satisfied gasp.

The two lays there, panting and sweaty, before Dream pulls out. Dream pulls George into a spooning position and he melts into it.

“What about dinner?” George mumbles, tired.

“You’re the only thing i need,” Dream replies, also tired. “But you were pretty tasty though. I’m kinda full.”

“Shut up,” George says, embarrassed.

A few minutes later, with Dream stroking George’s soft brown hair almost lovingly, he kisses the

sleeping George on forehead.

“I love you, George.”

Except George wasn't fully asleep.

He loves me?

His heart starts to race. He just feels so happy. George pushes closer to Dream and the assassin holds him tighter.

He loves him too.

They wake up hungry the next morning.

After taking a quick shower, George begins to heat up last night's mushroom stew, waiting for Dream to come out of the shower.

As George places their respective bowls onto the glass kitchen table, Dream appears out of the shower, hair still wet and messy.

*Hot.* George thought.

They ate in comfortable silence.

George thinks about their activities last night and blushes slightly.

Dream had said he loved him.

“What're you thinking about?” Dream asks as he puts his ~~shovel~~ spoon down.

“Nothing...” George replies.

The assassin only shrugs. “If you say so.” He continues to spoon another mouthful into his mouth. “You're pretty good at cooking, have I ever told you that?”

“No, you haven't. Thank you, Dream.”

“You're welcome.”

He hears a horse snorting from outside the house. Midnight trots around her pen seemingly impatiently. She must be hungry. George should hurry and finish his meal so she can be fed.

“She's hungry,” Dream comments.

“I'll go feed her right now,” George stands up to put his empty bowl into the sink.

“Let's go feed her together.” Dream also stands up to place his bowl into the sink.

That was a first. Usually it was George who fed her. Dream would just lounge around, usually reading or planning out how to kill his next target.

Both men head outside and George goes into the stable to grab the bag of horse feed. He'll probably go back inside the house and chop up an apple as a snack.

“Hi, sweet girl,” George hears Dream cooing at his horse.

Midnight snorts again and shakes her head.

George really did love animals. He loved tending to Midnight and although he didn’t have a horse himself, he did have a cat.

Pouring the feed into the trough, he wonders how his cat, Raine, was doing. He misses him so much.

“Hey Dream,” George starts.

The assassin stops petting Midnight to stare at him. “Yeah?”

“Do you think we could,” George swallows nervously. “Uhm, go back to my village?”

Dream suddenly seemed angry and George shrinks a bit, looking down at the ground.

“I- I’m not trying to escape if that’s what you’re thinking,” George says softly, brown eyes glistening with fear. “I have a- a cat and I’d like to bring him back here.”

Dream glares at him with angry eyes for a few moments before letting out a deep breath.

“I’m sorry I got mad,” he mumbles. “But I guess we can go get your cat.”

George brightens up immediately. “Really? That would mean so much to me.”

Dream’s heart broke seeing George so happy. He hasn’t looked that happy in so long.

And it was all his fault that George wasn’t happy.

He loved George. He would do anything for him and he was glad that going back to get his cat meant a lot for him.

All he was worried about was George leaving him for his friend. Was his name Sapnap? He forgets. But it was who George called out for when he was hunting in the forest.

It has been a week since Dream agreed to bring George back to his village.

Today, they gathered their gear and mounted Midnight as they set off. They rode silently. It would be about less than a day’s travel to the village. Dream’s house looked ordinary but so very well hidden in a dense spruce forest.

George was excited. He was finally able to see Raine again. And of course he gets to see Sapnap.

He wonders if Sapnap had ever looked for him after he went missing. He must have, he was his best friend.

Though, his heart breaks slightly at the thought of Sapnap. This time, it really would be the last time they would talk. He’s also going back to the village to say his farewell to him.

He leans back on Dream slightly, who’s driving Midnight into a canter.

George has chosen.

At sunset, they dismounted at the side of a hill near the base of the mountain where the village sat atop. Thankfully, a small pond was nearby for Midnight to drink from.

“We’ll need to make our base here,” Dream says as he scouts around the area. “Do you know if there’s any caves near here? Camping in the open with mobs out doesn’t sound too wonderful to me.”

George shakes his head. “The only cave nearest to here is...”

He shakes slightly from the thought of that cave Dream had brought him to. Dream had raped him for the first time there. George didn’t know how he’d act if they were to go back into that cave.

Dream realizes why George froze suddenly and pulled him to a hug. “I’m sorry I did that to you.”

“It’s okay,” George mumbles as he buried himself deeper into Dream’s shirt.

Then he feels Dream tense up.

He removes himself from his shirt and turned his head to where Dream’s eyes were locked to.

A white stallion with a familiar figure riding it was galloping towards them.

He recognized that horse. And those piercing onyx eyes.

As the stallion got closer, it had slowed to a trot and then stopped a few meters away.

“Who are-“ The man begins to say before widening his eyes at George.

“George!” He gasps out loudly.

“Sapnap!” George squeals and runs towards him as Sapnap dismounts his horse, Diamond.

They pull each other to a long tight hug.

“I’ve been searching for you for so long,” Sapnap’s eyes looked emotional. “Actually, I was just returning home from searching. And now you’re here.”

“Actually Sapnap-“

“Who’s that?” Sapnap glares at Dream who stood cross armed, glaring at their interaction.

“Oh,” George falters. “Uhm, his name is Dream... I’ve been living with him.”

Sapnap growls. “He’s the one who took you, isn’t he?”

“I-“ George turns to look at Dream only to be returned a cold glare. “Yes, Sapnap. He took me.”

Sapnap reaches to unsheathe his sword and Dream begins the same motion but George grabs Sapnap’s arm before he could fully unsheathe.

“Stop!” George shouts. “Don’t fight, please.”

“Why not?” Sapnap snaps at him. “He kidnapped you and held you hostage!”

George bites his lips. “He didn’t hold me hostage, Sapnap. I lived with him for those months, I-”



George looks up at Sapnap. "I love him, Sapnap."

Sapnap widens his eyes, pain shooting from his chest.

"No, George," Sapnap's voice shakes slightly. "He-He's making you say all this, isn't he? Tell me, I'll k-kill him for you!"

"Sapnap, stop," George whispers.

Sapnap's shoulders sink as he looks at George with a pained look. "George, I love you."

"And I loved you, Sapnap," George's voice was also full of pain. "But I love him now. I'm sorry, I'm here to- to say goodbye, and to bring Raine back home with me."

"George, he doesn't love you." Sapnap grits out, suddenly angry again.

"He does," George argues back.

"Is it because he fucked you and now you suddenly love him?" Sapnap spits out angrily, eyeing the hickey on his neck.

George froze. They had sex again yesterday and Dream had marked him up. From his neck and down.

"That's not why--"

"George!" Someone screams.

It all happened too fast. George gets knocked to the ground, hitting his head onto the ground. He hears horses neighing and whining nearby and a quick whizzing sound.

He blinks his eyes open to see drops of blood staining the dark grass. He looks up to see Sapnap aiming a bow and Dream on his knees in front of George, trying to protect him. An arrow was lodged into Dream's shoulder and the assassin's face was full of pain.

Sapnap releases his arrow and shoots a skeleton square in the skull, successfully knocking down its bones. It dissolved into the ground.

"Are you okay, George?" Sapnap looks at him with worry.

"Of course!" George panics. "It's Dream we have to worry about!"

"I'm fine," the assassin grits out. "...been through worst."

Sapnap sighs. "It's best if we head to our village for safety. You guys can't camp out here, at least find a cave next time."

Dream's eyes widen. "We can't go to the village."

"And why not?" Sapnap glares at Dream.

Before Dream could say anything, George helps Dream up.

"Let's go, Dream. It doesn't matter if they know, we need to get that arrow out asap."

Sapnap mounts Diamond as Dream and George mounts Midnight.

“Let’s go,” Sapnap looks around. “I can see more mobs rising.”

“I’ll drive,” George says, grabbing the reins from Dream’s hand.

When they get to the village, most of the villagers were in their houses. The iron golem guards look at them and dips their heads at Sapnap.

They both rode with their hoods on. George hopes he doesn’t recognize him. He’d much rather be seen as dead than a traitor to the village, willingly leaving to live with another man.

They head to the stables to rest their horses. Both horses seems glad to finally have some food, water and rest.

“So, should we go to my house?” George suggests.

Sapnap shook his head. “They emptied your house, George.”

George saddens. But at the same time, he was glad that the village had moved on.

“We’ll have to head to my house. I kept some of your stuff though. And of course I brought Raine.”

They entered Sapnap’s house.

Sapnap’s two cats meows at the door opening and rubs themselves between the three men’s legs, purring happily at the company.

Then George brightens up when he sees the familiar tabby coat of a certain cat grooming itself on top of Sapnap’s table.

“Raine!” George calls out as he fast walks to his cat.

The tabby looks up and lets out a loud meow before purring at George’s petting.

“My baby,” he whispers, tears pricking. “I’ve missed you.” He picks up the cat and gives him a tight hug.

Though Raine didn’t really like it by his squirming and George lets him go. He jumps back onto the table and continues to groom.

He turns back around to see Dream sitting on the small couch and Sapnap dressing and wrapping the wound. The arrow was a blood mess on the wooden floor.

“Thanks,” Dream says curtly.

“No problem,” Sapnap replies after tying off the bandage.

“You guys can borrow my shower if you’d like,” Sapnap nods towards the shower.

“That would be great, thank you,” George replies. “Dream, you wanna go first?”

Dream looks at them before shrugging. “Sure.” The man walks to the shower, seemingly no longer in pain.

As the door shuts, Sapnap and George sat in awkward silence.

“He really must love you if he’s willing to take an arrow for you,” Sapnap semi-jokes.

George smiles slightly before looking serious once more. "Look, I know you're hurt and I'm sorry. I really--"

"I know, George," Sapnap cuts him off.

"Thank you for trying to search for me though."

Does he ever regret spending days searching for me?

As if he can read his mind, Sapnap shakes his head. "And I've never regretted searching for you. It brings peace to my mind that you're safe, even if you're in another's care."

Tears pricked in his eyes. George has hurt him. His best friend, someone he loves.

"Don't cry," Sapnap whispers. "I forgive you, you know? It'll just take time for me to adjust to it but I don't hate you."

"I just hate myself," George lets the tears fall.

Sapnap gives him a hug and the two hug it out until Dream steps out of the shower.

"Oh," Dream stands by the bathroom door awkwardly, his hair wet and blood bleeding through his bandage wraps. "Uh, guess I'll go..?"

George's sniffles. "No you idiot," he turns his ready eyes to glare at Dream. "You're bleeding through your bandages."

"I'll help you rewrap it... Dream," Sapnap sounded awkward. "George, go shower if you feel okay now."

George nods. "Thanks, Sapnap."

Still teary eyed, he walks to the bathroom and gets into the shower. As he showered, he could hear the two talking outside.

"What did you do to make him cry?" Dream asks in a slightly angry tone.

"I didn't *make* him cry," retorts Sapnap. "He just feels bad for me, but don't worry, I forgive him and I told him that."

"Also, don't get too comfortable with him."

Sapnap snorts. "Oh don't worry, I won't steal your boyfriend."

George blushes at the thought. Would Dream consider him to be his partner? For life?

"But if he comes to me, I won't say no."

George could sense the tension and Dream's growing anger. He quickly turns off the shower, dries him and leaves the bathroom with messy, wet hair and only a towel around his waist.

"Uhm guys, please don't fight," George says as he exits.

Both men stopped their bickering and looked at him. Sapnap suddenly looks down at his lap.

"You look hot," Dream says matter of factly.

George blushes. "Shut up." He turns to Sapnap who was fiddling with his thumbs. "Uhm you have an extra shirt and pants I could borrow?"

"Y-yeah, of course," Sapnap goes to his clothes drawer and pulls out a simple black tee and some white basketball shorts.

"Thanks." George goes back into the bathroom to put the clothes on.

"You marked him good."

"I know." You can practically *hear* Dream's shiteating grin.

George opens the door loudly, face flushed red, glaring at the other two.

"Well anyway," Sapnap changes the topic. "You guys can sleep in the guest bedroom. There's only one bed but I'm sure you don't mind."

George yawns. "Thanks, Sapnap. I'm tired, I'm heading to bed."

George leaves to the guest bedroom. Dream had also followed him in and they get into a cuddling position.

"I didn't say thanks for taking that arrow for me yet," George whispers.

"I'll do anything for you," Dream replies silkily.

"You're such a flirt!"

"It's true though," Dream kisses his forehead. "I love you."

George stays silent, too embarrassed to say anything.

Then Dream kisses him on the lips and they started to make out.

But the door slams open suddenly, startling George and breaking the kiss.

"No sex in here," Sapnap grumbles.

"Go away, Sapnap," Dream motions with his hand.

Sapnap rolls his eyes. "Yeah whatever, my point still stands. Also, here's the first aid kit and bandages if you ever start bleeding out again." Sapnap places the items onto the desk. "Wake me up if you need anything." Sapnap leaves the room and closes the door.

"You guys buddies now?" George asks skeptically.

"I mean, I guess he's cool," Dream shrugs. "Just better not leave me for him."

"Whatever," George rolls his eyes. "I'm sleeping, goodnight Dream."

"Goodnight George."

They wake up the next morning. Thankfully Dream's shoulder didn't bleed too much during the night. They take Midnight out of the village's stables and Dream mounts her, waiting for George just outside the village.

George holds Raine in his arms as he walks besides Sapnap.

“You’ll always be my best friend you know,” George tells him.

“I know, and I’ll always be here for you too,” Sapnap replies.

“I- I’ll visit you if you want.”

Sapnap smiles. “I’d like that.”

“Well, I guess I’ll see you later?” George gives him a smile.

“You better,” Sapnap opens his arms and George gives him a one handed hug.

Raine squirms furiously in his other arm and they break apart.

“Sorry kitty,” George gives him a few pats on the head.

He turns his back on Sapnap and walks over to where Dream was, mounted on Midnight. He mounts her, settling in front of Dream with Raine sitting near his crotch.

“Ready?” Dream asks and George responds with a nod.

Midnight shakes her head before starting to trot away from the village.

George looks back and waves at Sapnap who returns the wave.

They rode through the forest once more. The sun had just risen and they should be back home by nightfall. Thankfully, Raine had cooperated during the ride, never trying to jump off or scratch Midnight.

When they arrived, the moon was at its peak. Dream went to put Midnight back into her stable and George brought Raine inside. He lets her down and the tabby immediately starts to explore the house.

“Hey George! Look what I found!” Dream slams open the door.

He turns around to see Dream holding a brownish-grey cat with a white underbelly. It meows loudly at him.

“I found her in Midnight’s stable,” he explains. “I think I’ll name her Patches.”

“You’ll need to buy some cat food and toys and some other cat stuff the next time you go to the market,” George points out.

Dream lets Patches down and the she-cat started to explore. Raine has poked his head out from under the bed, staring at the other cat cautiously.

Patches walked right up to Raine and meowed at him and the silver tabby shook his head and hissed before disappearing under the bed again. Though, the she-cat didn’t seem bothered and continued wandering the house.

Dream digs through the fridge and pulls out a chunk of salmon. This immediately attracts Patches who dashed across the room to weave herself around Dream’s legs, purring.

Raine had also smelled the fish and he as well walked over to the kitchen, still wary of Patches, and

leapt onto the glass table, flicking his tail in anticipation.

“They must’ve been hungry,” Dream comments as he places a slice on the ground for Patches and another on the table for Raine.

“I’m kinda hungry too,” George yawns and stretches. “But I’m kinda too exhausted to eat.”

Dream walks over to George and places a hand on his hips. He uses his other hand to tilt George’s head up and kisses him lovingly.

“I love you,” Dream says softly.

“I love you too, Dream.”

## Chapter End Notes

Welp, that’s it. But I am thinking of posting a bonus ending as chapter 6. Chapter 5 will be the art chapter if I can figure out how to post art on here so stay tuned for that! Upon further thought, might not post the art. But definitely posting bonus ending.

I put “Stockholm Syndrome” as a tag on this story just in case but you can think of your own conclusion on Dream & George’s love for each other.

What would you guys like to see in the bonus ending? Maybe you guys can comment your ideas and I’ll write a short story on each of them, sort of like requests (but with the same AU/plot as this story).

## Bonus Ending

### Chapter Notes

This is an alternative ending from the previous chapter (Dream's good ending).

Enjoy:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ready?" Dream asks and George responds with a nod.

Midnight shakes her head before starting to trot away from the village.

George looks back and waves at Sapnap who returns the wave.

They had just visited Sapnap and were on their way home. George sat in front of Dream with Raine, his tabby cat, purring in between his thighs as George stroked him.

Sapnap was his best friend. He spent months searching for him only for George to leave him again. Although George had promised to visit him from time to time, it seemed wrong to abandon his best friend.

He takes a deep breath.

"Dream," he hesitates. "We can't go home."

Dream pulls Midnight to a stop. The black mare rears slightly. Raine yowls at the abrupt stop and George steadies himself by grabbing gently at the mare's mane.

"What?" Dream sounded confused.

"I—" George pauses. Maybe it's stupid. Would Dream agree to his idea?

"What is it?"

"I want to live with Sapnap," George suggested quietly.

From behind him, George could hear Dream taking a deep breath, as if to not lose his temper.

"And why would you want that?" Dream says slowly. George could detect a hint of jealousy.

"I'm not leaving him for you, Dream," George turns to him, soft brown eyes now sharp. "I just can't abandon Sapnap again."

Dream doesn't respond but signals Midnight to start walking.

"Dream!" George yells at him, on the verge of tears.

How could he just ignore him like that? He thought that Dream loved him.

Midnight stops again.

“Don’t cry,” Dream says softly. He releases his hold on the reins and gives him a back hug. “I didn’t mean to make you cry.”

“You idiot!” George says angrily. “Why would you just ignore me? Listen to me, please.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Dream says, like he didn’t know he did something wrong. “I didn’t mean to ignore you. I’m just not... used to relationships.”

“Don’t you think you owe me that much after taking me from my village and-and assaulting me?” George whispers.

Dream froze.

He’d always regret ever raping George. But ever since he laid eyes on the young man, he knew he was the one.

“I’m sorry,” Dream apologizes, sounding more genuine this time. “I’ve always regretted the choices I made when we first met. I’ll listen to what you have to say.”

“I just,” George takes a deep breath, trying to stabilize his breathing. “I just want to live with you and Sapnap; all in one house. Is that okay?”

Dream ponders. Would he leave him for Sapnap? That was his biggest fear. To lose someone so special to someone else when he could’ve prevented it.

“Dream, I love you, and I’ll *always* love you,” George promises. “Sapnap being my first love doesn’t take my love for you away. I love him, as a friend, but I love you, as a partner- for life.”

Dream turns Midnight around and the mare shakes her head as she starts trotting.

“So, you’re letting me live with Sapnap?” George says hopefully.

Dream nods. “Yes, this shouldn’t even be a thing... how you have to ask me for permission for everything...” Dream realizes how overprotective and restricting he has been with George. “I love you so much, George. I’m sorry I haven’t been treating you right.”

George leans back to Dream. “I’m glad. Let’s have more trust in each other from now on?”

“From now on,” Dream promises.

They return to the village and knock on Sapnap’s door. They were met with a very confused Sapnap.

“Wow, visiting so early? Missed me already?” Sapnap jokes before giving a few coughs. “Uh, so did you leave something here...?”

“No, I just thought maybe we should live together!” George exclaims excitedly.

“Really?” Sapnap’s eyes twinkled. “I’d be down! But my house isn’t the biggest...” he trails off.

“I’m thinking maybe we should build our own house,” Dream suggests.

“Let’s talk inside shall we?” Sapnap opens the door widely for them.

They entered the familiar house and took their spots on the couch. Raine leaped away, sitting underneath a table, grooming himself.



“Why don’t we just live in the village?” Sapnap wonders. “I could always ask the village master if I could expand this house or switch to a bigger one?”

George looks at Dream expectantly.

“Well, we can't,” Dream says bluntly. “If you don’t already know, I’m an assassin and I don’t have time, nor do I want to, to work for your village.”

Sapnap gasps. “So you *kill* people for a living.”

“Yup.”

“Murderer.”

Dream shrugs. “I get paid to do it, plus it’s *usually* the bad people I assassinate.”

“Usually.”

George interrupts. “Okay let’s not get into Dream’s... job. We just can’t live here because of it. No one can know he’s an assassin.”

“So you want me to betray the village to build a house elsewhere,” Sapnap says skeptically.

“That’s pretty much what I did...” George mumbles.

“But that’s different!” Sapnap exclaims. “You were *kidnapped*,” he eyes Dream accusingly. “I can’t just betray my village, I grew up here and they raised me.”

“Well, you should betray your village,” Dream says. “I only found George because I was hired to kill him.”

“What are you saying?” Sapnap glares at Dream.

“Wait, I’d like to know as well,” George looks at Dream curiously. “You’ve never told me.”

Dream hesitates. “Well, a contract is private information...”

“Private information my ass,” Sapnap snorts. “Firstly, you didn’t even complete your contract since George is alive.”

“Fair fair,” Dream leans back, crossing his arms cockily. “What’re you gonna do if I tell you your village master hired me?”

Both men froze. Sapnap and George looks at each other.

What?

“There’s no way,” Sapnap murmurs.

“Sapnap, have you been visited by anyone recently?” Dream questions.

“Well, you guys.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “No shit, but anyone else?”

“... the village master’s daughter have been asking me how I was doing, after George’s so called death.”

“Look, she’s got the hots for you,” Dream says nonchalantly. “And you go the hots for George.”

Both men flinched.

Well, that was quite insensitive. George thought. He’s so bad at reading the atmosphere.

Dream continued on anyway. “So she sulked to her father and her father, the village master, paid me to kill him.”

“What the fuck,” Sapnap tightens his fists into a ball.

“Convinced now?”

Sapnap doesn’t say anything.

“I,” George starts off. “Well, that was… interesting to say the least. But I do like the idea of building a house elsewhere, after hearing all that.”

“Well fuck this place,” Sapnap mutters. “Let’s get outta here.”

A few years later, they have a nice two story house with a garden and stables. The stables occupied Diamond and Midnight and their house was filled with cats. Raine and Sapnap’s cats settled in nicely. Dream also managed to find a lost brown-grey tabby she-cat. He named her Patches.

Dream and Sapnap ended up being quite the best of friends and Dream and George never lost their love for each other.

Currently, they were playing the Monopoly board game in their living room area. George sat on the floor next to Sapnap and Dream sat across from them.

“Motherfu-“ Dream slams his hand on the table as Sapnap and George laughs out loud.

Dream had landed on George’s hotel on boardwalk.

“I knew you were going to land there!” George extends his hand at Dream. “Give me my rent.”

Angrily, Dream pays George his rent.

“That’s literally all my money,” Dream complains.

“Well too bad,” Sapnap says, still laughing.

Sapnap then rolls and ends up landing on one of Dream’s hotel.

“Hah!” Dream smirks. “Give me *my* rent.”

“But I don’t have enough!” Sapnap whines.

“Guess you’re out now,” Dream says matter of factly.

Sapnap looks at George and George smirks.

“Nah, it’s ok,” George starts counting some of his fake money. “I’ll spot him.” He slides Dream his rent.

“That’s so unfair!”

“Love you, George,” Sapnap winks at George who only laughs.

Dream rolls his eyes as Sapnap continues to give George a hug. Sapnap pulls George close and places a head on his shoulder and wiggles his eyebrows at Dream and sticks his tongue out mockingly.

To be honest, Dream was a little jealous. Just a little.

“Stop being gross,” Dream grumbles as he passes the dice to George.

It was the final straw for Dream when Sapnap kissed George on the cheek.

George blushes intensely at that and Sapnap even dared to give a playful, yet naughty, look to Dream.

Dream stands up, pulls George away and up from Sapnap and tugs him to his and George’s shared bedroom.

“W-what?” George exclaims. “I was winning!”

“Have fun,” Sapnap winks at George.

Dream slams the door shut and pushes George, gently, against it and presses his lips against his.

“Mmm...” George closes his eyes as he melts into the kiss.

“George,” Dream stares at him intensely with his hazel eyes. “I love you.”

George only blushes. “W-what are you doing, Dream?”

“I just want to show that I love you,” he kisses a part of his neck and sucks on it. George moans softly.

“Stupid Sapnap,” George grumbles.

They somehow ended up on the bed, making out once again. They break apart, panting. They laid there, staring at each other before Dream breaks the silence.

“I love you.”

George puts his arms around Dream, holding him close.

“I love you too, Dream.”

From outside the door, they can hear a distant “EWWW” from Sapnap.

They both chuckled.

“Sapnap said to have fun,” Dream says suggestively. “Let’s have fun.”

George blushes. “Okay.”

Sapnap cleans up the board game and puts it back onto the empty shelf. He hears... noises from

the bedroom and Sapnap opens a book and starts reading. His cats, Ginger and Feather, were play fighting in the kitchen. Raine was probably outside exploring.

Fur brushed against his arm and he looks down from his book to see Patches, a cat Dream found randomly, rubbing up against him, looking for his pets.

He smiles and starts to stroke her and continues to read his book.

*“The Dragon’s End*

Although he wasn’t able to love George the way Dream does, Sapnap will always be his best friend.

He supports their relationship (he thinks it’s cute) and is content with experiencing life with his two best friends.

A “ding” from the oven got Sapnap to close his book and walk over to the kitchen. He takes out the chicken that had been cooking while they played their game.

As he takes out the chicken, Dream walks to the kitchen, filling a cup with water. George also walked, more like limped, out of the bedroom moments later.

“That was fast,” Sapnap quips, earning a light shove from Dream.

“Hey! Watch it!” He gasps. “You almost made me drop the chicken!”

“Is it done?” George walks to the kitchen to where Sapnap was holding a tray with a nicely roasted chicken on top.

“Yup, I’m cutting and plating it now.”

“I’m starving!” George exclaims.

“Well you two better shower first because I don’t wanna eat while you two are smelling like sex.”

“Shut up, Sapnap.”

## Chapter End Notes

Hi, sorry it has been a while since I updated this.

Honestly, I wasn’t sure what I was going to write and after finishing the chapter, I procrastinated in posting it. I’ve been kinda busy lately haha.

Sorry if this wasn’t as good as the other chapters. The reason for George being chosen to be assassinated wasn’t thought about when I first planned this, that’s why the reason’s lame. I only planned those three endings so yeah lol.

Well I hope you guys enjoyed this story.  
More stories to come.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!